

Trouble Ahead by J_jude

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff and Angst, Light Angst, Mild Language, Slow Burn

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/You

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Summary:

I want to eventually merge this into the S2 plot, but for now the reader and Billy will mainly be exploring a relationship together.

1. Introductions

“Okay, I’m going to take my lunch break. I should be back by 1:15 (pm)”

“Alright Ms. Correy. See you then”

You were nervous to hold down the fort of the Hawkins High School nurse’s office for the first time since you started your internship, but you were excited to finally be able to, possibly, use some of your first aid training before Ms. Correy came back.

About 15 minutes hand past and not even a faked fever or paper cut had come through the door of the office. To keep you busy, you decided to reorganize the supply closet. Then as you were shuffling the gauze pads around you heard comotion and struggle.

“Hey old man, I said I can walk myself”

It was a bloody-faced Billy Hargrove being escorted in by one of the basketball coaches.

“Hi Miss, clean up him for me won’t you. And then when your done with him walk him over to the Principal’s office please”

“I’m on it” As you watched the coach push Billy back into one of the chairs in the waiting area, your eyes met and you saw the anger in his eyes.

“Okay you can take a seat back here” You motioned to a cot behind the counter near where you sat.

Billy made his way over. As he did you could feel him staring at you the entire time. You knew he either was being the gross Billy you heard about from whispers in the hallway and was checking you out, or that his stare was on of anger because he knew you were going to have to take him to Principal's later. Either way you were uncomfortable.

“First I’m going to clean up all this blood from you face and neck and then I will assess your wound further. This rag just has water, so it

won't sting”

He slightly nodded to show he was listening as he sternly stared past you.

Okay so he must be mad at me too then, you thought to yourself.

You began to wipe/scrub away the blood from his forehead first. There you discovered a petty descent gash right about his left eyebrow.

“You must have fallen pretty hard. If this cut was a bit deeper I might have had to stitched you up!” You obviously knew he was in a fight, but you tried to be clueless about it to lighten the mood.

“Yeah, I got shoved by some asshole who didn't like that I knocked him over from blocking him.” His voice was cold but he was now looking at you as he spoke.

“So then they threw you out, or?”

You wanted to hear more, partly so that it would make treating the wound easier because you would know how it was caused, but also because you figured getting him to talk more would calm him down. You saw how he drives in and out of the school parking lot and you did not want him to blow up on you or anything like that.

“No, then I punched him and we started a fight in the middle of the game. We got hauled off after that.” He was still staring at you, but you continued to clean him up without staring back into his deep blue eyes.

By this time you had finished up on his face and had moved down towards his neck. He had nice definition as it was, but when he felt you moving the rag towards that area he looked up and stretched out his neck so that you could clean up the dried up trails of blood that he dripped from his cut, you really saw how lean and muscular he was there. In an effort to maintain professional behavior you quickly redirected your attention somewhere else.

“So, aren't you a little young to be a nurse?” He asked still with his neck stretched.

“I graduated from Hawkins last year and then I took some classes to get first aid and CPR certification so that I could start interning here. I want to go to nursing school, but financially that’s just not an option right now”

“Okay I see” he now was visibly and audibly less tense

You finished up cleaning up the remaining blood and then asked him a few assessment questions and then dressed the wound accordingly.

“So, I’ll give you the option of laying down for a bit or we can walk straight over to the Principal’s now. Your choice.” You decided to give him a break since he already went through a lot and was possibly going to lose his spot on the basketball team within the hour.

“Just take me now. Get it over with” he tensed up again.

You put up the “Out to Lunch” sign on the window of the office and then made your way down the hall with Billy.

2. He remembered

“Thank you Miss”

“No problem Principal”

“I hope he wasn’t much trouble”

“Oh no he was just fine, I promise”

You dropped Billy off and as he sat down across the principal’s desk. You wanted to exchange one last glance with Billy, but when you looked at him he was staring angrily at the floor.

As you made your way back towards the nurse’s office you began to reflect on despite how negatively students have talked about Billy Hargrove, he seemed okay. You didn’t really talk all that much, but he could have been a total jerk to you, but he really wasn’t.

Since you were not a student at Hawkins high school anymore and spent most of your time in the nurse’s office with Ms. Correy, you weren’t sure if you would ever really get to see Billy again. It sucked, but maybe you would see him around town.

-Three weeks later-

“Have a nice evening Ms. Correy!”

“Oh you too sweetie”

Your shift had ended and you were making your way through the school to the parking lot. School had ended an hour ago, so the lot was mainly empty which was normal. You walked past the few cars there to begin your fifteen minute walk home. Once you made it to the pavement though, you heard the roar of an engine and a blue hot rod crept around behind you.

“Hey Doc, you need a ride?” Billy yelled to you over his engine and flashed a smile.

“Were you waiting for me or something? How did you even know I

get off at this time?” You were a bit creeped out, honestly,

“I didn’t, I figured I waited till I saw you walk out”

You continued to walk and he rolled at slow pace to stay in line with you.

“A little weird don’t you think? You could have just stopped by the office and asked what time I got off?”

“So you do want a ride,” he smirked, “anyways I couldn’t have I was suspended because of the fight”

“Oh, okay I guess,” this means he had been thinking about you since the day you cleaned him up. It made you excited, but you didn’t let it show.

“Sooo, you gonna hop in Doll?”

“No. You drive horrendously fast.” You said this because you half wanted to mess with this a bit longer, but also this was a legitimate concern of yours.

“I promise to go as slow as you’d like” another smile flashed across his face.

“Gross,” you whispered under your breath as you rolled your eyes.

You still walked and he kept staring at you until you let out a sigh and decided to open the passenger door. You wanted to catch a ride with him, but his flirting as a bit too much for your taste, but again this was the guy you couldn’t stop thinking about for weeks so you went for it.

He smiled even wider as you settled into his car, but this was not the devilish grins of earlier, but a much more charming, softer smile. He took the time to wait for you and pick you up so when you finally agreed to riding with him he was content and happy is plan worked out.

“Where to Doc?”

“I live near downtown. Behind the general store really.”

He took off at around sixty mph. You glared at him while he laughed.

“I’m kidding, i’m kidding. I’ll slow up!”

3. Sunset Songs

“How long have you lived in this shit hole?”

“You’ll get use to the smell, I promise, and my family moved here from a city a few hours north when I was three.”

“Hm,” he nodded, “What do you do for fun around here?”

“I don’t have that much free time at the moment because I’m either working or studying. I also might be picking up another job, so yeah, not much fun happening for me right now.”

“Well then since your free now, let’s go have some fun,” again a genuine smile appeared signaling to you that he really did want to take you somewhere to unwind and relax from your busy schedule. You appreciated this because you didn’t have too many friends at this point anymore. Things not only changed once you graduated high school, but after the strange events that took place last year Jonathan, one of your closer friends, stopped talking to you as he became more and more concerned about his brother’s safety and wellbeing.

Billy drove you to the small lake behind the Frederichs’ home. You never came around to this part of town so you had almost forgotten it was there. He parked and you both sat still in the now quiet car.

As you both stared out to the water in front of you he said, “I came here most days during my suspension. Smoked, drank, took naps. Boring really, but it’s nice and quiet. Figured you’d like the change in pace since you said you’re so busy”

You turned to look at him, “That’s really nice of you. This is great. I actually forgot this was here.” Your voice was soft and your smile softer. He was turning out to be much more charming and a lot less of a douche and it was surprising.

You booked looked back at the lake, but then he went to reach over towards you and immediately you tensed up. A flash of anger came over you. How stupid could you be for thinking he was treating you

nice and wasn't just try to use you like all the other girls.

You went to say something, but before you could his hand landed on the opening of his glove compartment and he pulled out two mix tapes.

He figured you thought he was trying to touch you, so small grin danced on the edges of his lips.

"I wasn't going to do anything" he said half laughing, "you're a respectable lady, I can see that much."

He looked at you with his icy eyes and you glared back with your brown eyes full of anger.

"You didn't have to do that. You know, I've heard things about you, but I was giving you the benefit of the doubt and you were proving all those rumors wrong. At least you were until I thought you were about to grab me!"

"But I didn't" he was obviously entertained by how angry you were. "You did it on purpose for what? What even are your intentions with me anyways?! Is this what you do? Pretend to be innocent and thoughtful and then... just...strike?!"

"Hey, calm down. I have never done anything like that for any other girl," he was no longer laughing, but rather he was becoming angry as well.

"That still doesn't answer my question. What's your endgame is with me?"

"Listen. You're different. You're smart and don't look at me the other girls do. The rest of them are just all over me and-"

"I'm not playing hard to get buddy, so don't come at with me with that 'I like them feisty' bullshit."

He was really upset at this point and was now looking out the window instead of you.

"You didn't...let me finish," his voice was faint and surrendering.

You took a breath in and out to relax.

“I’m sorry, really. Please keep going.”

He waited and then continued.

“You’re different. You just talk to me normally and that’s rare for me. Girls talk to me trying to get inside my pants and everyone else treats me like I’m an asshole. You just spoke to me...like a person. You’re also smart and like I said respectable.”

He turned back to you, now with a hint of sadness in his eyes.

Billy leaned back to reach his hand behind your seat, sighed and then said, “I just want to get to know you more and hang around you more. I’m not trying to do anything else. I brought you here because I thought you would want to admire the sunset on water with me. I’m sorry I tried messing with you. Now can we just listen to these mixes and watch the sun go down?”

Embarrassed but reassured, you nodded. You then watched as he put in the cassette and raised the volume just enough so that the song was audible, but didn’t drown out the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds in the trees around you.

He sat back in his seat and looked back out to the lake. You did the same, but after a minute or two you leaned over and gave him a hug.

As you squeezed his shoulders you whispered, “I’m sorry again. Thank you for being so sweet.”

He returned the hug and when you finally pulled away you stopped to exchange smiles.

The two of you stayed there long enough to watch the sunset, listen to both mixes, and then figure out how to skip rocks.

That evening was full of laughter and you both knew there would be more nights like these to come. However, neither of you knew about all of the trouble and danger that would also be ahead.

4. Date?

Two weeks later, you watched as Ms. Correy left the nurse's office for lunch and then waited for Billy to walk in soon after.

You and he arranged this meeting schedule ever since the night at the lake. It gave you some nice time to sit and talk, talk about anything. It was striking to see how different this side of Billy was in comparison to the Billy that had started a stupid fight during a basketball game. Maybe the suspension taught him a lesson? Maybe all those things you had heard about him weren't even true to begin with? You hadn't decided yet.

He sat down in one of the chairs in the waiting area in front of the nurse's counter you sat behind, and faced his body towards you. You two talked about your days so far for some time. Then he asked, "So I heard there's a Halloween party tonight. Wanna crash it?" with a devilish glint in his eye.

"Sure, are you gonna dress up?" you smiled, wondering if Billy if was the costume type or if he was much too cool for that.

"I could be a grease monkey"

"You mean a greaser?"

"Yeah, whatever same thing! I got this leather jacket I could wear"

"Great, I could borrow one of my dad's leather jackets too and maybe borrow one of your cigs," you winked and he grinned back.

"You know Doc, I didn't expect you to be the party type," he seemed very interested in what you would answer.

"I'm not, but that's the point of Halloween, right? To be someone that you're not..." you teased him with your eyes and a playful smile. By this time he had approached the counter and began to lean on it.

"A complex lady, I like that" his voice was so low it almost sounded like a growl. You had never been so flirtatious with him so you knew this was catching him off guard and apparently he loved it. You

weren't too sure why you were acting this way, but it was fun and the rush you got from it was exciting. Plus the way he was reacting to it all really turned you on.

How much farther should you push it though? You were having a mental debate about this at the exact moment you noticed Billy slowly move in to try and kiss you.

That's it. You had decided. Flirting was fun, but a kiss was too much for you at this point. You two only met a little over a month ago after all. You turned away and pretended to be busy with something at the desk behind the counter. He stayed there still leaning on the counter and a smile hung on his face. He figured you would deny him, so he simply laughed it off. His laugh was soft and airy.

He looked at the clock on the wall. "It looks like I gotta run. I'll give you a ride to your place then pick you back up around 7. Sound good?"

"Sounds great Bub, see you soon," you flashed one last flirty smile and watched him leave the office and walk back down the hallway.

Your shift had ended and just like he said, Billy was there, leaning against his car, smoking and waiting for you. As you got closer he spotted you and took one last drag before he put the cigarette out.

"After you" he opened the passenger door and waited till you were inside before closing it for you.

You rode in silence for a few minutes before you asked more about the party. "So who's party is this?"

"I don't know. I saw some of these flyers going around and picked one up," he reached into his jacket pocket and handed you the small paper flyer he pulled out.

You read the bad pun and let out a sarcastic, "clever".

Again you asked on, "Are you going to drink?"

"I'm driving you home princess, nothing more than one drink," the "princess" was teasing, but other than that his answer was pretty

serious.

“Okay, just wanted to make sure.” You sat and wondered if you should ask your third question. It made you the most anxious so it took you awhile before you could actually ask it. “So are we going to say we are going together, or what? I might know some of the seniors and juniors there and I want to avoid any awkward conversations”

“I mean you wanted the matching costumes, but yeah just say whatever you think would be the least awkward for you. You mean like you don’t want to get in trouble for being with a student right?”

“Yeah, that’s what I meant. They never said anything about if I am allowed to date a student...you know hypothetically, so I just want to have an answer ready if anyone asks,” at this point your heart was pounding.

“I see. Well like I said, whatever you think Doc,” he kept his eyes on the road this whole time and did not seem upset in any way so that calmed you down a bit.

As he neared your house, he slowed down and parked on the side of the road. He turned off the car and then turned to you. “Hey,” he started, “I think tonight will be fun. Well as fun as a house party in Hawkins could be,” he gently squeezed your arm and then released it.

You giggled and then leaned and hugged him. You pulled away and playfully hardened your gaze on him “Seven,” you confirmed.

“Seven,” he nodded.

5. Tricks or Treats

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for the support! Sorry for the typos in the last chapter!

“Just don’t spill anything on it okay Love”

“Yes Dad I know. Thank you!” You grabbed the big leather jacket he handed you and then made your way back to your room to get ready.

You placed the jacket on your bed and then stared at your closet. You were sure you had everything for the costume, but it was only a matter of finding it all. If only your room could be as organized as your notes were.

Twenty minutes passed and you finally had all of your outfit laid out and ready to go. Shortly after, your mom appeared in the threshold of your room.

“Honey, how will you get there?”

“Uh, this guy from work offered to take me.”

“Oh, is there another young intern that works there too?” she was obviously confused and you were visibly awkward at this point.

“Well...no. He’s a student. I meant he goes to Hawkins High”

“Hm, well, just be careful with those boys. You know how they can be.” Your mom was pretty protective in the sense that she always took any opportunity to remind you that boys only want sex and then they are not to be trusted. While her intentions might have been pure, this sort of mindset of hers left you insecure and paranoid for most of middle school and high school, but by now you had grown out of those issues...you thought.

Eager to change the subject you asked her, “Can I borrow your red lipstick? I don’t own any and I need to for my costume.”

“Yes, hold on Baby.” She turned and went to look for her lipstick tube in her bathroom.

1 hour later -

Looking at yourself in the mirror you were surprised by how similar you were able to get your outfit to Sandy Olsson’s from the “You’re the One that I Want” number. Aside from your jacket clearly being a men’s jacket, the costume was very accurate. You couldn’t help but smile at your work.

Since you had time to kill before Billy arrived, you decided to read. After a few chapters you heard the rumbling of an engine and knew it was time to go. You nearly jumped up from your chair and flew to the front door.

“Bye Mom, bye Dad!” You shouted this as you closed the front door behind you. Looking ahead you saw Billy half way towards you.

“What you didn’t want me to come inside and say hi?” he actually looked confused.

“Not today. Another time!” You continued to walk quickly towards his car eventually beating him to it.

“Hey-” Billy was about to ask you why you were rushing, but then he was really able to take a good look at you. You looked amazing and then suddenly he too was hurrying to his car.

You both got in and shut your doors. He looked at you wide-eyed. “Fuck-,” he breathed, “oh sorry!” Although you were not against cursing, you figured he thought you were too “respectable” for that, so his quick apology made you giggle. “You just look so good. Is this how you dress outside of work or what’s going on here?”

This was definitely way more attention than you had ever gotten from a guy before, so were awestruck and nervous.

Looking down at what you had on, you started, “I-I mean I’ve had these pants for a while but I never really wear them and I have never paired them with a shirt like this, so no? I mean these are my clothes and overall my style is not far off from thi-”

He stopped you with a kiss.

You wanted this, so you started to kiss him back. He then reached over wrapped his hand around the back of your neck. He was pulling you closer.

But this was still too much too soon.

You abruptly pulled away. "I can't, this is too fast," you said this sternly, angry at yourself.

"Doc it's just kissing. Too fast?" The arm that had been behind your neck was now hung behind your seat.

"Yes, too fast. I don't even know you yet. What if-"

"Oh you're gonna start with tha shit again, really?" He knew that you were going to bring up comments about him being a playboy and such, and he was obviously upset about it.

You just sat and stared at him as he was now looking out his window. There was more silence and after a few minutes he turned on his car and began to drive.

As he drove, you sat there and thought about how much of an idiot you were for letting your mother's influence ruin the night before it had ever even started.

More silence and then finally you spoke, "Billy...I'm really sorry. And I know you probably don't believe me when I say that this time now, but you know, I have never gotten the amount of attention you gave me back there...I'm not that type of girl. Guys just ignore me. And I have this mom who always filled my head with paranoia saying that boys just want one thing, so I just panicked. Truthfully....that was my first kiss and-"

"Hey, it's okay. I'm sorry, I for sure thought that a girl as beautiful as you had at least had a few boyfriends by now. I'm sorry for moving too fast. But uh, I would just like to say that I'm not pretending to be something that I'm not to you. I actually have never been this open and honest to anyone ever."

By now he was squeezing your hand as a gesture of comfort and reassurance.

“I’m sorry I let other influence the way that I see you instead of actually paying attention to you for who you are.” You stacked your other hand on top of his.

You two had now arrived to the party and had found a parking spot down the street from the house.

He parked, turned off the car, and you both turned to look for each other. You noticed that there was some of your red lipstick on his white shirt.

“Oh no! I got lipstick on your shirt. We have to get it out.”

“Doll, I got this.” He swiftly removed his leather jacket and then pulled off his white shirt (revealing his amazing physique) and threw it into the back of his car. “There, now you won’t get in trouble or anything,” he said as he put back on his jacket.

“Thank you, and thank you for understanding my situation and not thinking that I am embarrassed by you or something.”

You both were now exiting the car and closing your doors behind you. “Embarrassed?” A cocky smirk was now present on his face, “I’m Danny Zuko babe, you’d be lucky to know me!”

His arm was now swung around your shoulder until he squeezed you tightly into him and then let you go. You both laughed at his stupid comment as you walked toward the house.